

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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A Breath of May.

OUT in the night
Soft winds are blowing,—
Coming and going
Up to the light,
Down where the slight
Spring-flowers are growing
Out in the night.
Soft winds are blowing,

Dancing in flight,
Far from the glowing
Sol, from the crowing
Chanticleer's sight.
Out in the night
Soft winds are blowing.

E. J. M.

The Monroe Doctrine and Its History.

DANIEL P. MURPHY.

What is the Monroe Doctrine? A hundred times, since our little unpleasantness with England in regard to the Venezuelan affair, have we heard this question on the lips of anxious inquirers. A hundred times have we heard attempts to answer it, but they generally took the shape of dire threats against the British, or any other nation so foolhardy as to transgress on our rights as a nation in this direction. Whenever we mildly suggested that we were looking for facts concerning this great principle of our Republic, and not about our military and naval resources, and the political condition of Europe, we were met with a look which seemed to show great pity for our ignorance; but never have we heard the facts for which we sought. The truth is, and to our shame be it said, the notions of the American people re-

specting this doctrine are extremely vague and misty. It is the object of this paper to give a few ideas regarding the Monroe Doctrine, under what circumstances it was declared, its relation to the history of the times, and in what light its formulator and chief-defenders considered it.

President Monroe, in his seventh annual message to Congress, on the second of December, 1823, gave expression to his views on certain subjects which were then attracting the world's attention; these declarations constitute the famous doctrine which now bears his name. We have not sufficient space to make more than a few brief quotations from this message, nor is it necessary so to do. Two important propositions were set forth: the first in regard to the future colonization of the American continents by any European power, and the second concerning the intervention of European powers in the political affairs of the American nations.

The first great principle was stated by Monroe in these words: "In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." Let us see what was the immediate cause of this first declaration. In 1822, both Russia and England claimed that the north-western portion of our continent, including what is now known as Washington and Oregon, was open for colonization by European nations. We claimed a portion of this territory as our

own, with the right of absolute sovereignty over it." This was afterwards pithily expressed in the famous cry: "Fifty-four, forty or fight." In John Quincy Adams' "Memoirs" we find that under the date of July 17, 1823, he wrote: "At the office Baron Tuyl came. I told him specially that we should contest the right of Russia to *any* territorial establishment on this continent, and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any *new* colonial establishments." Herein lies the essence of the first declaration of the Monroe Doctrine. This was purely the work of Adams. It seems to have been his pet notion, and when an opportunity came to present it to the world he grasped it without delay. John C. Calhoun, who was Monroe's Secretary of War, in a speech delivered by him in the United States Senate, May 15, 1848, explicitly declares that this branch of the Monroe Doctrine originated entirely with Adams, and that it was never submitted to the Cabinet for its consideration. He further stated that this portion of Monroe's message had special reference to the northwest settlement, and the rest of the continent was included because the whole of it, "with the exception of some settlements in Surinam, Maracaibo and thereabout, had passed into independent hands." Shortly after Monroe's message appeared, Russia gave a tacit consent, at least, to the claims of the United States, as she thereafter made no pretensions to any territory south of Alaska. The United States and England settled the matter between themselves somewhat later. However, we did not get "fifty-four, forty," nor did we fight.

But that is not of so much importance to-day. That phase of the question disappeared with the history of the times. By far the more interesting to us is the second proposition set forth by Monroe, in regard to the intervention of foreign powers in the politics of American nations. Since the day the Monroe Doctrine was declared, up to the present time, this has been a burning issue, and it will continue to be such until Europe finally recognizes the contention of the United States; for some day, sooner or later, recognize it she must.

In this regard, Monroe had the following to say in his celebrated message. "We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to

our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by European powers, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly feeling toward the United States."

In order to understand why Monroe gave expression to his doctrine at all we must make a brief study of the history of his time. Immediately before Monroe sent his message to Congress, the world had witnessed many stirring events. The Napoleonic wars had been brought to a close, and Bonaparte had been banished to St. Helena. Europe began again to breathe easily; but she had many princes just as ambitious as Napoleon, though not possessing a tithe of his genius. On the twenty-sixth of September, 1815, in Paris, a coalition was formed by the emperors of Austria and Russia and the king of Prussia, which bade fair to control the political world. France afterwards joined this alliance, and, at first, England by no means looked askance at it. The avowed object of this union was to make politics subordinate to the Christian religion, hence it received the name of the "Holy Alliance." Its real object was the extension of the monarchical system, and, incidentally, each sovereign resolved to get as large a share of power as possible.

After the French had invaded Spain, overthrown the constitutional government of the Cortes, and placed Ferdinand VII. on the throne, the "Holy Alliance" resolved to take a hand in the affairs of the New World, and help Spain to win back again her American colonies which had revolted. These colonies had been recognized as belligerents by the United States almost as soon as they had declared their independence, and, in 1822, the United States sent ministers to the seats of their governments, thus recognizing them as independent sovereignties. At this juncture England became frightened, and began to cast about for a plan to defeat the purpose of the "Holy Alliance." It was not that England loved Spain and the "Holy Alliance" less, but because she loved her own pocket-book more. She was not imbued with a desire to see the whole world enjoying the fruits of a well-earned liberty, but she did not at all relish the idea of losing her

South American trade. She was growing rich on this commerce, and she well knew that if Spain once reduced these states to their former dependency, her shipping interests, as far as the Spanish American states were concerned, would go to pieces. It was then that she began to make overtures to the United States to see what could be done to prevent the interference of the "Holy Alliance" in behalf of Spain.

Canning was then Prime Minister of England, and he resolved not to let the English maritime commerce suffer so severe a shock, if any act of his could prevent it. He opened negotiations with our minister at the English court, Mr. Rush, suggesting that Great Britain and the United States join hands in an effort to prevent the intervention of the "Holy Alliance" in the affairs of the Spanish American states. Rush sent the correspondence to President Monroe, and he, before coming to a final decision, presented it to Jefferson and Madison for their consideration. Both were favorably impressed with the scheme and so wrote Monroe. After fully debating the subject in the cabinet, as John C. Calhoun tells us, Monroe finally incorporated his doctrine in his message to Congress in 1823. To John Quincy Adams has generally been ascribed the credit of writing this instrument; but, after all, we must admit that it was at the suggestion and instance of an Englishman that this doctrine was proclaimed. It can, however, hardly be supposed that Canning ever dreamed that his idea would be stretched to cover the ground that it does. He simply wished to have our help in keeping the "Holy Alliance" out of Spanish America; we were willing to give it; we are just as willing, to-day, to do the same thing for England.

This, in brief, is a history of the Monroe Doctrine. Let us see how it was understood by the men who helped formulate it, and how it has been applied since 1823. Was it meant that we should, at all hazards, insist on a strict enforcement of this principle; and that it should cover every mode by which the monarchical countries of Europe might endeavor to extend their system in the New World? Were we to assume a sort of protectorate over our weaker brethren of this continent to defend them at all times against the encroachments of European nations?

The testimony of John Quincy Adams, Monroe's Secretary of State, on this point, is interesting. On Dec. 26, 1825, Adams announced, in a message to Congress, that the Spanish American States were about to hold a conven-

tion on the Isthmus of Panama, and that the United States had been invited to send delegates to it. In speaking of the object of this conference he said: "An agreement between the parties represented at the meeting, that each will guard, *by its own means*, against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders, may be found advisable. This was more than two years since announced by my predecessor to the world as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both American continents." Each country was to guard against this evil *by its own means*; he did not intimate that the United States should make it their business to see that this was never done under any circumstances.

Webster, in a speech on the Panama mission, April 14, 1826, endorsed the Monroe Doctrine, and eulogized those by whose help it had been adopted. He, however, was very evidently not in favor of our armed interference in behalf of our sister states in every case. He looked upon the doctrine as a policy of self-preservation, and just as the danger to us resulting from any actions on the part of European nations decreased, so would our resistance to these acts decrease. He says that if any army were sent against Chili or Buenos Ayres, we might content ourselves with a remonstrance; but if armed men should be "landed on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and should commence the war in our immediate neighborhood," it would be a different case. "Such an event might justly be regarded as dangerous to ourselves, and, on that ground, call for decided and immediate interference by us."

John C. Calhoun, Monroe's Secretary of State, in a speech before the United States Senate, in 1848, gave a lengthy exposition of the history and meaning of the Monroe Doctrine. In regard to efforts to be used by the United States in preventing the encroachment of the European powers, he said: "Whether you will resist it or not, and the measure of your resistance—whether it shall be by negotiation, remonstrance, or some intermediate measure, or by a resort to arms—all this must be determined and decided on the merits of the question itself. This is the only wise course. We are not to have quoted on us, on every occasion, general declarations to which any and every meaning may be attached. There are cases of interposition when I would resort to the hazard of war with all its calamities."

These are the opinions of a few of our leading statesmen on this question. Now, how has the Monroe Doctrine been applied? In 1848

Yucatan was offering itself to the United States, to England and to Spain; the President recommended to Congress the establishment of a temporary military protectorate in that country to prevent its falling into the hands of either England or Spain, but Congress refused to act according to Polk's advice. We all know the history of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and how the provisions of the Monroe Doctrine were disregarded in that instrument. When Maximilian entered Mexico, the United States was in a sad condition indeed, cut in twain by its own internal dissensions. Yet, notice was promptly given to France that we would not allow this unwarranted interference in the affairs of our sister state. It is true, we had to temporize with France; but when our civil war was ended active preparations were made to oust Maximilian. We all know how his sad end rendered further action on the part of the United States unnecessary. The later questions, which have arisen under the Monroe Doctrine, are still too fresh in the public mind to require comment here.

Europe makes a mistake, as she will discover, when she imagines that the Monroe Doctrine is simply a paper declaration, nothing more. It is true that it has never obtained express sanction by any act of Congress, but it is a principle dear to every American heart. The American people demand that it shall be enforced, and our legislators must pay heed to the wishes of the people. In what manner it shall be enforced, as John C. Calhoun has said, must depend upon the gravity of the case; but a surrender "will never be tolerated for a moment. This is as active a principle to-day as it was when declared by Monroe in 1823, and it will always live in the hearts of the people. For seventy-two years we have upheld this doctrine; and while the United States has money to buy a musket or a hand to aim it, she will maintain her stand in the face of the world.

"My Last Duchess."

JAMES BARRY. '97.

Browning has been accused of obscurity. We read one of his poems, and because we can not at once grasp his meaning, we impatiently shut the book and rail at what we call his vague rubbish. To be sure, he is vague at times; but is it fair to say that he is obscure throughout?

His subjects, for the most part, have to do with abstractions and fleeting psychological phenomena, which, from their very nature, elude direct, outspoken language. He tries to dress his thoughts in fabrics of substantial texture; but they will endure no such restraint, and prefer a gauzy, dreamy garb. Let us study his work as we would study a picture, and examine the result. The outlines become more pronounced; the features assume a reality hidden before, and in the end the figure stands unfolded. The dream proves to be not "half a dream." Even "My Last Duchess," one of the clearest of his poems, has not escaped the rod, although most of the critics bear witness to its beauty.

This poem is a marvel of condensation; every word of it is laden with meaning. It is clear beyond doubt; simple beyond complaint. It is subtle, too, and delicate. The tragedy it suggests calls up the strongest feelings of sorrow and indignation,—sorrow for the unhappiness and death of that lovely woman and indignation against the monster who was her husband. Besides the quality of density—if I may use the term to describe the style of "My Last Duchess"—there are in the poem a hundred suggestions, if the reader will only look for them. It is a life-drama complete in itself, and its two characters could not be better presented. It is not overstepping the truth to say that there is more between the lines than in the lines themselves. Another poet would fill a good-sized octavo with a description of such a tragedy as Browning suggests, and still not make the impression which the latter gives us of the Duchess' life and death. With a few strokes he draws out the lovely character of the woman and the villainy of her husband.

The poem is intelligible throughout, but it requires several readings to make the sense clear. Such, at least, has been my experience. The Duke, with his nine-hundred-year old name, of which he is as proud as if it owed to him the lustre of all preceding generations, is entertaining some friends and takes one of them—before dinner, I presume—to see the treasures of his house. He comes to a certain room, on whose wall is painted a life-like picture of his last wife. He draws aside the curtain which conceals it, and, quite unmoved by recollections, places a chair for his companion. He points out the beauty of the work before him. The picture calls up no pleasant memories for him; he views it merely as a work of art; the product of a painter's brush and colors. Even the painter's name seems, from

the manner in which he emphasizes it, to be of greater interest to him than the picture.

His coldness is admirably presented here. While we admire his judgment of art, we can not help feeling hatred for his shallowness. It requires a master-hand to paint that trait of a man's character; but when we discover that there is absolutely no mention of the coldness in the Duke's heart, our admiration for the poet is the more intense.

The Duke goes on to explain the cause of that "spot of joy" upon the Duchess' cheek. He says that it was not for him; perhaps it came there because the painter-monk, by some little courtesy, called it up. Here is the key to the lady's character. She was gentle and affectionate, and to everyone that passed she gave a smile. She was a delicate, sensitive woman, pining for love, but formed in so entirely different a mold from her old spouse that she found nothing congenial in his nature. He was incapable of appreciating her, and too heartless to understand her fine feelings. She was young and fresh, he, old and crabbed; she was gentle, he was severe; she was a woman, he was not a man.

Her virtues provoked the jealousy of the Duke; for he could win from her no sweeter smile than that which she bestowed upon the meanest of her servants. He would have confined her smiles to one object,—himself; and because she could not help being kind, he became furious. He blamed her for being "too easily impressed." She thanked men as if she considered their little kindnesses equal to the gift of her husband's ancient name. Thus she aroused his jealousy, and was brutally commanded to desist. I consider these lines to be as terse as any in literature:

"Oh! sir, she smiled, no doubt,

Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles ceased together."

He goes on to say with as little concern as though the picture in front of him were that of one of his greyhounds: "There she stands as if alive."

I dare say he said this with a suppressed yawn. When we come thus far in the story we begin to wonder why the envoy did not knock him down, though it were in his own house. Did not the lovely face of that flower-like woman and the thought of her martyrdom, suggest anything like physical force to the Count's ambassador? I presume that it would have been against his interests in the negotiation

then pending to have given vent to his feelings, if any feelings were aroused.

The Duke is very polite, though, for he says to his friend: "Will't please you rise?"

As they go down the stairs he assures his companion that he will find no difficulty in securing a large dowry from the Count with the hand of his daughter. So he intends to make his "last Duchess" not the last, and he mentions his purpose in such a cold-blooded and self-confident manner that he makes our blood boil, even though we have no right to take an interest in his business. I take his preparations for the approaching marriage to represent his character more clearly than even the murder of his wife. I have no doubt that his stern commands killed her; for, when such a woman ceases to smile, her end is at hand.

There is great art in the poem. For instance, the Duke is an unconscious witness against himself. He can no more speak without betraying his character than could the Duchess live without shedding the warmth and brightness of her soul upon all around. The sun illuminates and warms the world by his rays, thaws out the icy coldness, and invites verdure and flowers and foliage upon the earth. Woman, too, brings out all that is good and noble in man; but, sometimes, like the Duke's heart, the soil is barren, and fails to respond to the beams showered upon it. There is no introduction to the poem, no key with which to enter, and yet how easy it is to understand. The whole tragedy is strongly impressed upon the mind without a word of explanation. Ideas are suggested at every word—ideas which go to fill out the completeness of the poem.

That "My Last Duchess" is poetry is beyond a doubt. It touches the affections and fires the imagination with anger and pity. It openly points out no moral; but who does not feel the iniquity of the Duke? The moral is surely there, though hidden so ingeniously. Herein lies the art of the poet. The verse, though occasionally harsh, is often almost perfect. The cadences are unusually harmonious for Browning, and the *cæsuras* are well placed. The first four lines afford a good example:

"That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder; now, Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands."

One who reads Browning must give his whole attention to the task, for he is learned and difficult. I should say that Longfellow is the direct opposite of Browning. In "My Last Duchess" it is not so much obscurity as it is

difficulty that oppresses the reader. It is this which has prevented Browning from becoming popular. His meaning is clear, but hidden so deeply that only a careful search can bring it to light. This very act of discovery makes the poem all the more pleasing, just as the finding of the correct word pleases a writer after a long search. I am sure that had Browning written this sketch in such a style as would clearly present every detail to the reader without putting him to the inconvenience of thinking, he could not have produced an effect so strong and lasting, but would have lost the wonder of his art.

Varsity Verse.

OUR GREATEST GIFT.

FOR Notre Dame in days of old,
When through the forest, uncontrolled
The red-man roamed, and wild wolves bayed
A band of workers tried and staid,
With iron wills and spirits bold,
Spent years of toil in snows and cold,
Their trust in God, the while they prayed,
For Notre Dame.

Oh! let their names be now enrolled
On history's page, in honor's fold.
Their labors have been well repaid,
For Heaven sent them bounteous aid
And blessings for the Blue and Gold—
For Notre Dame.

J. R. P.

NOT ON THE LIST.

I have been asked to write a verse,
But really I'm no poet,
So I'll be frank and tell you, for
My verse would surely show it.

And if you will excuse me now,
Perhaps it won't be long,
Before my muse will teach me how
To write a clever song.

P. J. R.

OUR COLORS.

The Gold and Blue! the Gold and Blue!
That waves above the football field,
Where knights contest the tourney through
Without a helmet or a shield;
Where steady brain and ready heart
Are truest tests of every knight,
And bone and muscle play the part
Of lance and broadsword in the fight.

P. W. B.

THE LONE "SHORTY."

His face told a story
In scarlet and black.
Of a battle-field gory—
His face told a story,—
Where his team rushed to glory,
But never came back.
His face told a story
In scarlet and black.

W. P. B.

By the River.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

"Jax, I have never seen the 'mountains' look lovelier than they do this evening. I wish we could get '30,' that we might take the moonlight excursion through the cañon to Boulder." The speaker was Joe Hutchinson, familiarly known as Hutch, and he addressed these words to the telegraph editor, Jackson, locally known as "Jax."

The young men were sitting in the editorial room of a Denver daily, from which they commanded an excellent view of the distant mountains and the sleeping city. On the desk before Hutch was the nickel-plated sounder clicking off the events of the day at a terrific rate, and Hutch's movements in writing them down were equally terrific. Before Jax was a large pile of abbreviated press reports which he was making ready for the type-setters on the morning edition. Occasionally Hutch would have a few minutes in which to light his cigar, and then far-off Omaha would give that signal "Wap," which raises all press-men from their slumbers like an electric shock. The literal meaning of "Wap" is Western Associated Press, and it is almost an unpardonable offence not to be on hand to answer when "Wap" is called.

Of all the signals that came over that wire the most delightful to Hutch and Jax was that magic number "30," which is well known by all press-men and telegraph editors to mean: "The end; good-night." It comes sometimes at midnight, frequently at two o'clock, but oftener much later in the morning. Then, if Jax were behind on his reports, Hutch would help him to finish, and together they would saunter down to the "Silver Bar" for their midnight lunch.

But their nocturnal wanderings seldom ended after lunch: no, indeed; morning more often found them playing poker at "Manhattan Beach" than abed in their rooms at the Windsor. It mattered little, however, to Hutch and Jax whether they made hay or sowed wild oats, the harvest at the end of the month was always the same, and their bank accounts never perceptibly increased.

A year and a half of late hours, together with midnight draughts of ardent spirits, began to work mischief on Hutch's young constitution. At the earnest entreaty of his friends, he decided to leave Denver for a time, and go to the mountains. Being a first-class operator he

soon secured employment on a mining railroad as agent at Anita.

Jax laughed at the idea of Hutch's leaving Denver and going into the mountains as a railroad agent. "You might as well," said he to the managing editor, "expect a fish to live out of water, as expect Hutch to remain long from Denver. But I do hope he will stay away for awhile; he needs a rest, and the mountain air will do him a world of good."

With difficulty Hutch tore himself away from his Denver moorings. His first night at Anita gave anything but an encouraging forecast of the future. The town consisted of seven buildings:—two stores, two railroad section houses, a coal shed, a blacksmith's shop, and the station house. Hutch was occupied during the day in being "checked into" the mysteries of railroading, and when night came he began to look for living accommodations. There was no hotel at Anita, and the only place at which board could be had was the section house, a dilapidated affair with an antediluvian roof and a broken chimney.

Hutch's rap was responded to by a tall, powerful woman who was smoking a clay pipe. She had scarcely opened the door when out bounded a ferocious bull-dog, but Hutch saw him in time to jump on top of an ash barrel that stood near by, and from that vantage ground began to explain his mission to the masculine mistress of the section house.

"You see," said Hutch, when he had caught his breath, "I am the new railroad agent, and I came to see about boarding here."

"But come off the barrel; this dog won't bite," said the woman with a hearty laugh. But a Mexican who sat smoking beneath a tree a few feet away said: "That dog won't do a thing to you if you come off that barrel, young fellow."

"Will he bite?" said Hutch.

"You know it!" replied the Mexican shaking with laughter, and Hutch believing that the Mexican knew enough of American slang to be intelligible, remained on the ash barrel.

"Get away from here, Cerberus, you blinkety blank—x y z!" said the woman, hurling a chunk of coal at the dog. Cerberus sneaked away, and Hutch was shown into the house.

"Another diamond in disguise," thought Hutch, as he contrasted the bright interior of the dwelling with the outside. What was true of the house was true also of its mistress, Mrs. Barclay, the section foreman's wife. She smoked a pipe and used bad English; but she had

a kind heart and a gentle nature, and never did a beggar go hungry from her door. To Hutch the environments of Anita were anything but congenial. His duties in the office were scarcely heavy enough to keep him from being lonesome, and longing for Denver. Jax and the "Silver Bar"; but he had brought his bicycle with him intending to take plenty of recreation. To the east of Anita was a range of snow-capped mountains, so high that the sun never rose before nine o'clock. East of the station stretched a broad road made smooth by the wide-tired wheels of ore wagons.

On Hutch's first trip through the cañon he stopped at a ranch about two miles from town to get a drink of water. The house was massive and stately, and he learned from one of the laborers in the field that Don Josef Palma, the wealthiest Mexican in that section, lived there. The lawns about the residence were things of beauty, and luxuriant flower-beds stretched the entire length of the walks on each side. Hutch left his wheel at the gate, and walked up to the pump near the eastern end of the piazza. But there was no cup at the well, and Hutch turning toward the house saw a girl of about eighteen summers reading in a hammock behind the vine-covered lattice-work of the portico. "By Jove," said he to himself, "here's another Rebecca at the well!" She rose when she saw Hutch and came to the railing. She was a typical Mexican girl, with dark liquid eyes, and long black hair. "Your pardon, please. May I have a cup?" said Hutch, in Spanish, as he took off his hat. The girl smiled, made a slight courtesy and said very sweetly, "Si, Señor."

In a few moments she brought Hutch a cup. He thanked her, took a drink, got on his wheel, and soon disappeared in the cañon. That night he dreamed about the sweet girl he had met, and resolved to make her acquaintance. This resolution he fully carried out, for before month he was passing the long evenings with Don Palma and his charming daughter, Loreto. Hutch's life became brighter. Loreto seemed like a lovely star that shed her radiance over his gloomy existence in the mountains. But Hutch had a dangerous rival in Loreto's affection. He was Jago Perilazo, a young Mexican herdsman whose estate joined that of Don Palma's, and who was held in great favor by Loreto's father. The venerable Don hoped some day to join his vast farm with that of Perilazo, by the marriage of his daughter to the young ranchman. But his great love for his only child would not allow him to be arbitrary

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with her on so personal a matter. Loreto's affection for Hutch grew daily. Perilazo, who was naturally jealous, made threats against his American rival, and said he would challenge him to single combat on first sight.

It was half-past nine on a beautiful August evening; the twilight had just faded from the valley, and the moon hung, a lovely crescent, above the craggy top of Mount Katherina, filling the deep cañon with a sort of dusky splendor. Loreto and Hutch were taking a stroll beside the little creek that sang a thousand ditties as it dashed on over its bed of pebbles. Not far away it fell over a rocky precipice and mingled with the Rio Grande River. Hutch was pushing his bicycle with his left hand, while with his right he held Loreto's hand. The rippling of the stream drowned the footfalls of an approaching horseman, neither saw him until very close, when the animal shied at Hutch's bicycle, throwing his rider heavily to the ground—it was Perilazo.

"I Beg your pardon," said Hutch, stepping toward him. "We did not see you; are you hurt?"

"I am not so small as to be invisible," retorted Perilazo in the gruffest Spanish. As he arose he flourished a dagger, and sprang at Hutch; but just as his hand was descending Loreto shrieked: "O mi muchacho!" threw herself between the two men, and received the blow aimed at Hutch. She fell to the ground apparently lifeless; the two men grappled with each other, and a dreadful fight ensued, in which Hutch wrested the poniard from the savage Mexican, and utterly vanquished him; and, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he saw him no more.

When Hutch carried Loreto home, summoned the physician and had her wounds, which nearly proved fatal, attended, her devotion to him was stronger than ever, and their mutual glances bespoke an attachment that could not be severed this side the grave. But Loreto's father has long since passed away, and when the traveller in those parts asks who lives in that splendid residence among the hills he is told "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Hutchinson."

The Vision of Sir Percival—A Paraphrase.

T. B. REILLY, '97.

The story of the quest of the Holy Grail is simple and full of interest. The poet sang his sweetest lay when, with master-touch, he put in verse the ancient legend. The tale is told by Sir Percival to a fellow-monk, Ambrosius, on an April morning. The narrator and his listener sat beneath the old yew-tree in the abbey yard, far from the noise of tournament and list. A mutual love was theirs. Scenes of another life at times arose before them, and in the fulness of his heart each told a wondrous story. And this was Percival's:

"I was once a knight in Arthur's hall, and at his table often did I sit. There our king with all his knights sat and feasted. A mighty home it was, built by Merlin long ago,

"For all the sacred mount of Camelot
And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,
By grove and garden-lawn and rushing brook,
Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin built."

"There did I dwell and feast with him who called me Pure. Mine was a happy life, until there came the Vision of the Cup. I thought it best to give my strength to spiritual things. The shouts of victory no longer stirred my heart. The praise of those who watched me, in the jousts, lay low some haughty foe, had lost its sweetness. I sought the Holy Grail, yet knew not where to seek. I did but know that at the last sad supper, our dear Lord drank from its golden lips, and that Joseph of Arimathæa had brought it to Glastonbury. I knew to look upon it and have faith would cure men of their ills. When the world grew bad it disappeared. And then it came to pass that a holy nun, who prayed and fasted much, saw the sacred Thing; she was my sister. I went to her and heard the wondrous tale. How, at dead of night, she woke and heard the sound 'of a silver horn from o'er the hills.' How there came a strain of music as from angel-land, and through her cell a 'beam of silver light,' in sparkles broke upon the wall, while down the beam the 'Vision stole.'

"She bade me pray and fast and tell my brothers likewise, that we might see 'and all the world be healed.' Thus did we fast and pray, and on a summer night there came the Vision in our hall, with glory so wonderful that none could look upon it. And we swore a vow to

IF THE HORSE DOESN'T STUMBLE.

Moto-cycles may be all right
For others; but I say
That in a real competitive fight
The "horses" will win the day.

L. P. D.

ride a twelvemonth and a day that we might see the Cup as had my sister done.

"We told our vows to Arthur, and his heart grew sad as from his table we went forth upon our quest. 'Many of you,' yea, most of you, return no more; for you follow wandering fires.' This was our parting. 'I was lifted up in heart, and thought of all my late-shown prowess in the lists.' How oft I had beaten down the lance of him who braved my arm. 'Many and famous' were their names. The heavens never seemed so fair, the earth so green. My blood danced within me and I knew that I should light upon the Holy Grail."

"When I thought of Arthur's warning and before me rose my sins, so hideous that I felt the quest was not for me. On I went, and with me, as a 'driving gloom,' 'every evil thought and word and deed that stained my past life. The vision passed, and looking up, 'I found myself alone'; all around was sand and thorns, and a great thirst was upon me. Fancy put before me running streams, and orchards where the ripe fruit lay upon the ground, and there I stopped to drink and eat, when, lo! 'all these things fell into dust, and I was left alone.' I wandered on past pleasant scenes, but all I saw fell into dust. On I went, and in a 'lowly vale,' came upon a chapel and a hermitage. I told the hermit of my phantoms, and he said: 'O son, thou hast not true humility,' and when he finished the chapel door flew open, and Sir Galahad, in silver armor, shone before us."

"There we prayed, and the hermit slaked my thirst before the Mass began. The solemn moment of the change had come. I saw naught but the 'holy elements,' while Galahad saw the Grail, and said: 'Far in a spiritual city one will crown me King,' and when I go thou shalt see the vision.' At close of day we went, and soon before us rose a 'hill that none but men could climb.' A storm was at its top, and lightnings played around us, here and there, and awoke the fire in many trunks that lay about us. At its base we found a 'great black swamp,' partly filled with the rotting bones of men. No way to cross except by the bridge built on a thousand piers. But Galahad fled along them, and as he left each bridge, it sprang into fire and vanished."

"I saw him like a silver star far off, and over his head hung the object of my quest. Beyond the star I saw the city, 'all her spires and gateways in a glory like one pearl,' and from the star there shot a rose-red sparkle to the city, and there dwelt, and I knew it was

the Holy Grail.' I watched it till the floods of Heaven pouring down shut the vision from my view. Of how I recrossed the ridge, I have no memory. I know I reached the chapel doors at morn, and thence returned to Arthur's gate. On to the hall I went, and there sat Arthur on his throne, while around him stood but a few of those bold knights that took the vow. A hail of gladness came from his lips, and then he asked: 'Hast thou seen the Cup?' And when I told him all, he answered not, but asked the rest in turn, and said: 'And spake I not too truly, O my knights, when I said that most of you would follow wandering fires? Lost in the quagmire!—lost to me and gone. Many times will visions come, until the earth seems not earth, the air not air, but vision. So spoke the king. I knew not all he meant.'"

Book Notes.

CICERO DE SENECA. Edited by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A. Revised by James C. Egbert, Ph.D.; MacMillan & Co. New York.

This edition of "De Senectute" deserves special mention. Prof. Egbert, has made use of a good edition, has removed what might be objectionable, and shown excellent judgment in the selection of notes. The analysis prefixed to the whole treatise and the *résumé* at the head of each chapter are a welcome feature. The notes are grammatical, historical, critical, philological, and replete with interesting details. The mistake which is made on page 102, where a spondee occurs in illustrating the last foot of an iambic senarius, is, possibly, a mistake of the printer, as on page 90, the rule regarding this particular foot is laid down correctly, and *sat est* is an imabus. This edition ought to be introduced into every school and college and it should serve as a model for future editions of other classic writers.

PARVUM MISSALE. Benziger Bros. New York.

The Parvum Missale is a complete Missal. The book is the size of an ordinary prayer-book, and it is well bound. The type is perfectly clear. There is no better way to assist at Mass than to unite with the priest, and say the same prayers that he says, if it can be done. Therefore, no more appropriate prayer book could be placed in the hands of students and all other persons that understand Latin than the Missale. Price \$1.

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Dr. Zahm's Work Recognized by the Vatican.

The Roman correspondence of *Le Patriote*, Brussels, Belgium, contains the following item of interest to our readers:

"The Pope has ordered to be translated a very remarkable article in the American *Revue d' Deux Mondes*—*The North American Review*—on the democratic movement and the Papacy. The author, Dr. Zahm, is a friend of the Pope and of Cardinal Rampolla, who have for him the highest esteem. Leo XIII. has been specially well pleased with this study, which shows that the educated Protestant world professes the deepest sympathy for his social ideas. This article, which refers also to the Belgium democratic school, is conceived in accordance with the ideas defended by *Le Patriote*."

The French journals, from the *Figaro* down, and the Italian papers, have been profuse in their commendations; many of them, *L'Univers*, of Paris, among others, reproducing the article almost in its entirety in addition to calling special attention to it editorially. A writer in one of the Parisian journals declares that "never before has an article in an American review been so universally praised."

—The Hon. William P. Breen, '77, whose oration, "Our Alma Mater," was one of the most delightful features of the Jubilee celebration, spent a few hours at the University on All Saints' Day. Mr. Breen is a type of "Notre Dame men" whom we would wish to see multiplied many times. Successful lawyers who are gentlemen and scholars are none too numerous, and Notre Dame takes especial pride in Mr. Breen's record as lawyer, judge, and citizen. And, with all his cares, his heart is as young, his interest in Notre Dame and her welfare in class-room and on campus is as great as when

he himself wore the Gold and Blue. He never loses an opportunity of encouraging student athletics; and more than once checks from his bank-book have saved the Boat-Club from all but insolvency. He is a representative college man, a true and loyal son of our *Alma Mater*, and if there is a warm spot for him in the student-heart, he well deserves it.

—Miss Eliza Allen Starr is, perhaps, the best known of our Catholic lecturers on art. She is an enthusiast, and if there is anything which appeals to the hearts of young men, it is enthusiasm. In the lecture which she read before the students on Monday last, she took for her theme the beauties of the glorious tower which Giotto raised in the city on the banks of the Arno, "the lily of Florence blossoming in stone." Not content with word-pictures, Miss Starr illustrated her lecture with a half-hundred large photographs of details of the tower. We regret that we were unable to take any but the briefest notes of the lecture, and, as Miss Starr is soon to bring out a volume of lectures and essays, it would be unjust to publish them. The lecture was delightful, and Miss Starr achieved an unqualified success.

—When the Business Manager announced that the SCHOLASTIC was to have a new set of types, we chuckled a bit at thought of the defective 'e's and "m's" that would torment us no more; but when we saw the unfeeling "typos" who handle the SCHOLASTIC "sticks," dump case after case of italics and small "caps" into the waiting boxes, the pathos of the scene was too much for editorial reserve. After all, it is a solemn thing—this discarding of a worn-out garment which has done faithful service for generations—editorial generations—and we listened, unconsciously, for the slow music which should have been its accompaniment. Poor old types! dear, battered mutes and liquids, consonants and vowels, it was by your kindly aid that we made our first awkward bows to the world, and stammered our first halting sentences. We love you for your very griminess; you grew dull and sad, that our words might live and burn. What your fate will be, no one can guess. You may be doomed, after your transformation, to wear out your lives and your remodelled faces on some cross-roads daily; or, worse still, be cast in "art" molds, and used to publish the peculiar merits of a new brand of rubber-boots. You were good and faithful servants,—may your new masters be as loving as were we!

Notre Dame, 18;—Illinois Cycling Club, 2.

To football enthusiasts at Notre Dame, Thursday's game was full of significance. It revealed the fact that our Varsity this season will be the strongest the University has ever produced. Every man played for all that was in him, and it would be impossible to pick out anyone as excelling the rest. Three features of our Varsity's playing stand out most conspicuously: the interference, tackling and defensive work. The team has made such marked improvement in interference that it is safe to predict the closest kind of a game with Northwestern. Time and time again, the backs were guarded down the field for twenty, twenty-five and thirty yards. The men played with a snap and dash they have never shown previously, and before the visiting players so much as fingered the ball, two touch-downs and goals had been made in rapid succession. Casey, Cavanagh, Kelly, McCarthy, Mullen and Murphy swept around the ends in a way that set the "rooters" wild with delight. Our opponents were simply helpless before that human snow-plow, and if the good work is kept up, Van Doozer and his champion cohorts will experience an unpleasant surprise in trying to pierce our interference.

The tackling was simply superb. Words cannot describe it. In nearly every tackle made, the runner was nailed in his tracks. It seemed as though a pack of demons had been let loose, for that is about the only way to describe it. Every man contributed his share. Murphy, Walsh and Mullen, however, showed up slightly the best, though Wheeler and McCarthy made two phenomenal tackles back of their opponents' line. Goeke, too, saved a touch-down by bringing down Murphy after the latter's great spurt of thirty yards. Twice in succession Murphy of Notre Dame dove through his opponents' interference, and tackled the runner without any gain; and a little later Mullen downed Diener in a way that made the latter wonder where he was.

Our backs showed wonderful quickness in getting off as soon as the ball was snapped. Wheeler and Brown played the ends behind interference and also made long plunges through the line. Both men kept on their feet well and often went ten yards after being tackled. This is where Brown's great strength lies, and he showed it every time he was tackled. Goeke bucked the line in his old form, and even better. It is a game in itself to watch him. Just as

every one is expecting to hear "down!" his head and shoulders come struggling out of the fallen mass, and he is good for five yards more. In opening holes for the backs, Casey and Kelly worked together to a unit. They boxed the opposing tackles and guards every time they were called upon. Casey did excellent work in dragging along the runner after the latter had been tackled. Cavanagh and McCarthy also made great openings and did very creditable work. Walsh is, by all odds, the best quarterback we ever had. During the entire game he made but one fumble, which was quite excusable, and such a record deserves the highest praise. He is steady and quick in passing the ball, and interferes well. Rosenthal, at centre, clearly outclassed his opponent. Besides that, he and Cavanagh contributed greatly towards breaking up their opponents' interference and blocking the runner.

It must be confessed, however, that our defensive play was rather ragged. There is plenty of room for improvement here, for which only the hardest kind of practice will suffice. Then, too, the men become winded too easily. In the second half the Varsity was all played out. Hard training will eliminate this fault. It must be eliminated, if we expect to hold Northwestern down under twenty-four points.

If Gallagher, Palmer, Wensinger and Chase keep up the pace they have set the last week, some changes in the team will likely result. Gallagher is a new man, and is just beginning to understand the fine points of the game, and his playing has risen fifty per cent. accordingly. Palmer has no superior at ground gaining, but he has only begun to practice of late. At present he is giving the other backs a very close race for a place on the team, and it will be surprising if he does not make it. Chase at end, and Wensinger at half are putting up a stiff quality of football, and have good chances for the team. Corby, too, is making his presence felt at right end and is a hard tackler. Gallagher and Galen replaced Rosenthal and Kelly, injured, a few minutes before the close of the second half, and played their positions well; but the time was too short to severely test their playing qualities. The game should be called at half-past two instead of three, as it grows dark too soon to permit of thirty-minute halves.

For the Cycling Club, Smith, Murphy, Gross and Chisholm showed up the best. The whole team, however, played well, and showed the effects of steady training in offensive play. Their interference was their best ground-gainer,

and it was worked constantly. But, like our Varsity, they were weak in defensive work.

The game was called at 3.15. Cycling Club kicked off thirty yards to Mullen, who brought the ball back ten yards before he was tackled. Brown went around the left end, behind good interference, for fifteen yards. Goeke tried the centre for two, and Brown, assisted by Casey and Kelly, went through right tackle for fourteen yards. Wheeler went around the right end for five, and Brown circled the left for three. Goeke made fifteen yards through right tackle, while Wheeler and Casey advanced the ball four yards further. Murphy and Brown made big gains around the ends, assisted by excellent interference. Wheeler made five more around the right end, and on the next play went through line for a touch-down. Casey kicked goal. Time, $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Score, 6 to 0.

Cycling Club kicked off thirty yards to Goeke, who succeeded in bringing the ball back ten yards. He then went through the centre for seven, and Brown added five more around the left end. Good interference brought Wheeler thirteen yards around the right end, and Murphy took seven more through right tackle. Brown went through the same place for fifteen a moment later. Gains by Wheeler and Goeke and five yards for off-side play landed the ball on I. C. C's thirty-five yard line. Notre Dame lost four yards on a fumble, but Goeke regained the lost territory through centre. Brown made successive gains through right tackle and around left end, while Casey advanced the ball fifteen yards between right tackle and guard. Brown, Wheeler and Casey advanced the ball ten yards more, and on the next play Brown was sent over the line for a touch-down. Casey kicked goal. Time, 10 minutes. Score, 12 to 0.

Murphy kicked out of bounds twice, and the ball went to Notre Dame. Casey first kicked out of bounds, but in a second trial kicked forty-five yards to Diener who returned eight. The left end was then tried with no effect; but on a second trial, after a gain of one yard through the centre, the ball was carried twenty yards, excellent tackles by Walsh and Cavanagh preventing more ground from being gained by the Cyclists. Gains of four, fifteen and five yards followed—the criss-cross netting three. Gross gained four yards through right tackle and three through centre. Murphy followed with two, but Gross' attempt at left end was unsuccessful, a good tackle by Mullen preventing

gain. Diener then tried the right end with even worse results; for he was pushed back two yards by McCarthy and Wheeler, and the ball went to Notre Dame. Brown went through the right tackle for thirteen, while Goeke and Wheeler found four more around the ends. Brown carried the ball twenty yards around the left end, and Wheeler found twelve more through the line. Brown, Wheeler and Murphy added twenty-eight yards more to gained territory, with the assistance of Cavanagh and McCarthy. Brown scored a touch-down, and Casey kicked goal. Time, 13 minutes. Score, 18 to 0.

After a kick off of thirty-five yards Goeke returned fifteen. Wheeler went around the right end for twenty, the interference of Cavanagh, McCarthy and Murphy being particularly good. The ball was then pushed steadily forward, gains of one, three, seven and two yards following in rapid succession. When time was called at the end of the first half, the ball was on I. C. C's forty-five yard line.

SECOND HALF.

Casey kicks forty yards to Gross who returns fifteen. Cycling Club then tries the right tackle for four, but loses three on a fumble. The left end is then tried for three, but in the next play the same amount of territory is lost on an excellent tackle by Murphy. An off-side play by Notre Dame gives the cyclists five more. Good work by Rosenthal, Murphy and Brown prevent a gain around right end, but on the left nine yards are netted in two consecutive trials. Gross tries the right tackle for three, but can make no gain at left end, owing to McCarthy's tackle. Murphy makes four and a half on the criss-cross, but on the next pass he fumbles the ball, which Walsh is not slow in capturing for Notre Dame. Brown goes around the left end for twenty-five, while Murphy tries the right for eight. Brown and Wheeler advance the ball twelve more. Gains of five and fifteen yards by Brown follow. Wheeler tries the centre for four, and after Brown fails to gain at centre, Notre Dame gives up the ball on downs. Then Gross tries right tackle with no gain, but Dwyer nets six around the right end. Gains of ten and two yards follow, and Murphy goes through right tackle for thirty yards. Gross tries the left end for four, and gains of four and fourteen yards follow through right tackle and five and one through left. Three yards are lost on a tackle by Wheeler, but one yard is regained through left tackle, and five and four in succession through right. Gross again advances two yards, but the ball goes to Notre Dame on downs

two feet from her goal line. Galen replaces Kelly, and Rosenthal retires for Gallagher. Notre Dame snapped the ball, but in the darkness it was fumbled, and a safety was scored. At this point the game was called on account of darkness, with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on her twenty-five yard line.

THE LINE-UP.

ILL.-CYCLING CLUB

Chisholm Right End
Kinsley Right Tackle
Jackson Right Guard
Richardson Centre
Waugh Left Guard
Hager Left Tackle
Wood Left End
Smith Quarter Back
Gross Right Half
Diener Left Half
Murphy Full Back

NOTRE DAME

Mullen
Kelly, Galen
Casey
Rosenthal
Gallagher
Cavanagh
McCarthy
Murphy
Walsh
Wheeler
Brown
Goeke

Umpire, Brennan. Referee, Bennett. Timers, Shiveley and Mott. Reporters, McDonough, Burns and Slevin.

Exchanges.

The young ladies of St. Mary's Academy are to be highly praised for their *Chimes*. A school paper is, we take it, a right standard whereby to judge the care and efficiency with which instruction is given in a school. St. Mary's Academy has reached a very high degree in both respects; for there are in the *Chimes* originality in thought, logic in development, neatness and strength in expression, in both prose and verse, of no ordinary degree for beginners. The poetical contributions, especially, show the solidity of older heads and the cunning of more practised hands. We read the *Chimes* over several times to find room for attack, but the painful conviction is forced upon us that in journalism the girl mind is equal to the boy mind. Those among us young fellows who are to be the lions of the coming pen will have to meet lionesses who, it is to be feared, will be fully their equals. It behooves us, then, to exert to the utmost whatever is within us to keep for man that mastery which has been his during the centuries. Our rivals, in the opposite camp, will, in the coming tussle, strive tooth and nail that they be not conquered. The *Chimes* before us is the first of the year. The freshness and vigor from the holidays may account, in some measure, for its all-around excellence. If the succeeding numbers do not show a falling off, our exchanges will have to look to their laurels.

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The *Mountaineer* has two very readable articles, one in which Dickens' works are ably considered; the other on the real and ideal in literature. "Vita Brevis" is a touching poem with a noble lesson.

Personals.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Kerwin, of St. Paul, Minn., are visiting their son, of Brownson hall.

—Mrs. Hawkins, of Indianapolis, paid a most pleasant visit to her son Buchard during the week.

—Miss Helen Hake, of Grand Rapids, Mich., visited her brothers, of Carroll hall, during the past week.

—Frank W. Davis, Lit. ('95), a member of last year's Staff, paid a short visit to the University last Monday.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Koehler, of Chicago, spent a few days during the past week at the University visiting their son John, of Carroll hall.

—James M. Brady, B. S. ('92), is a member of the firm of Jos. J. Brady & Co., dealers in general merchandise, in Cedar Vale, Kansas.

—Edward J. Gainer, of Carroll hall, entertained his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gainer, of Chicago, during the early part of the week.

—Miss Mary Wagner, of Lafayette, Ind., a last year's graduate of St. Mary's Academy, spent Sunday with her brother Frank, of Brownson hall.

—In the examinations held recently at West Point, Pierce A. Murphy, C. E. ('92), stood among the foremost in his class. Pierce is evidently sustaining the excellent record he made at Notre Dame in years gone by. Last June he was promoted to the rank of First Sergeant, the highest office within the reach of a junior class-man at the Military Academy.

—Mr. James Cooney, M. A. ('88), who occupies the responsible position of head Book-Keeper in the manufacturing company of M. J. Conney & Co., Toledo, visited his numerous friends and Professors during the past week. Though Mr. Cooney has been absent from college some years, he has lost none of the old-time interest which characterized him here on the diamond and the gridiron. In the leisure moments given him from business he has won in his native place much praise in both sports. Mr. Cooney glories in being called an old Notre Dame boy.

—Invitations have been received to attend the wedding of Lieutenant Joseph E. Cusack, B. S. ('89), of the Fifth Cavalry, U. S. Army, to Miss Blanche Helena Fuger, the accomplished daughter of Captain and Mrs. Frederick Fuger, of Washington, D. C. The marriage is to be solemnized on the evening of November twentieth, in St. Dominic's Church, Washington. The SCHOLASTIC extends its best wishes for a long and happy married life to the gallant lieutenant and his fair bride. Many of the old students will kindly remember Mr. Cusack for his efficient service to the military companies during the time of his captaincy in the eighties.

Local Items.

—The List of Excellence from St. Edward's hall will be published in our next issue.

—A man in Brownson hall was asked to give an example of an unpleasant occasion; he said: "When twelve husky fellows bump against one frail but ferocious chap, who is trying to make a cigarette, the occasion is likely to prove unpleasant."

—The new barn is almost completed. It is a model—all the arrangements are perfect. The old sheds around it are being torn down and new ones are being built nearer the lake. When the buildings are erected the ground will be graded, and Notre Dame will then have a model barn-yard.

—In the November issue of *Donahoe's Magazine* is an article captioned "Athletics in Catholic Colleges." Three columns are devoted to Notre Dame, and they give a brief glance at the athletic spirit which prevails here. There are two illustrations, one showing our boat-clubs preparing for a practice spin, and the other, Jewett ready for a start. Mr. Joseph A. Marmon, '96, did the writing.

—Among the relics found in the church at Bertrand were altar-cards which were printed at Notre Dame in 1845. They come, probably, from the first printing-press established in Indiana and from the second in the West. The exact date of the founding of this press is not known. It was probably set up twelve years after the first press in the West had been established by the pioneer priest of Michigan, Father Richard, in 1832.

—The Band will give a grand concert in Washington Hall next Wednesday afternoon. Thirty members will play. The rehearsals give promise of an excellent performance. Among the numbers on the programme are several difficult pieces, never before attempted by a band at Notre Dame. The concert will be given for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Tickets may be procured at the students' office or from members of the Executive Committee.

—Now that the days are being chopped off by the nights an effort should be made to begin football games before three o'clock. Too much time is wasted in getting the Varsity on the field. Preliminary practice should begin at two, and the teams should line up at half-past two sharp. It is not right to have the visiting eleven waiting on the field while the Varsity players are arranging their hair. It was fifteen minutes past three before our men appeared on the field last Thursday—and the game was scheduled for three o'clock sharp.

—The Director of the Historical Museum has received from Bro. Angelus a ring made from the wood of the tree under which General Grant and General Lee held the conference

which led to Lee's surrender; from Mrs. Arthur Keeffe, of Nangatuck, Conn., specimens of hard tack, inclosed in glass, used during the civil war, by Co. G., 17th Massachusetts Infantry; from Mrs. F. J. Heer and Miss N. A. Walsh, of Waterbury, Conn., a representation of one hundred dollars in United States gold coins, and a lot of rare coins and medals illustrating events that have taken place in the United States.

—The combined Lake Forest-Rush Medical eleven will play Notre Dame on Brownson campus next Thursday. The game will be exciting. Rush was defeated here last fall by a score of 18 to 0. We will, probably, meet Indiana University on the 20th, Northwestern on the 25th and Albion College on Thanksgiving Day. Nothing definite, however, has been arrived at in regard to these three games. And the reason? Simply because the manager entered upon his duties too late to arrange a schedule. If the members of the Athletic Association would do the sensible thing, let them select the Executive Committee for '96-'97 next May, and we can then count on a coach and a definite schedule. This Committee, too, should be elected for one year; this will give them a chance to arrange a series of baseball games for the spring. Now is the time to be thinking about the baseball schedule and the nine. Who is the captain? Whom will we play? Seemingly, these are not the questions troubling the minds of the Association. What the members are seriously bothered about is the election of officers—will Jim and Bill and Joe be members of the Executive Committee? will Josh be manager? etc. The time has come to stop such childishness and do some work.

—FOOTBALL.—Varsity is improving. There is a general limbering up and quicker and better playing; but in "tactics" the men are wanting. However, they will soon be taught to play with, as well as against, their opponents, for Hadden, covered with the gore and glory of the East, is looked for to-day. He will be with us this time for the balance of the season, if we can keep him. He is sorely needed to coach the interference and to teach trick plays. And the men must learn defensive work—last Thursday's game showed that. Palmer is doing well at half. If he learns to start better he will be a tower of strength and may supplant Wheeler. The latter runs well, but he doesn't play as hard as he should.—There are twenty-seven men at the training tables. Certainly there is no lack of material, and all are eager for the sport.—The Carrolls defeated the ex-Carrolls on Brownson campus on the 1st; the score was 4 to 0.—The following games were played on Carroll campus—1st, Carroll Antis vs. 2d eleven of St. Joseph's hall; score, 6 to 0 in favor of the Antis; 3d, the Specials lined up against the team from St. Joseph's hall. The game was hard fought. Several times the latter

were within a few yards of their opponents' goal; but the plucky Carrolls made a stout resistance, and held the enemy at bay. The game was marred by frequent disputing and much talking of all sorts. Though the St. Joseph men had a much heavier team, the Carrolls were their superiors in general playing. In one place was the Carroll line particularly weak—Leonard was straw in the hands of his opponents. He should be replaced. The Carrolls claim the victory by two points—they claim a safety in the first half. Neither side scored more.—The Carroll third eleven worsted the Minims on the 1st and the 3d by scores of 10 to 0 and 6-0. The Minims assert that the umpire had much to do in defeating them.—7th on Carroll campus—Second eleven Special *vs.* 2d Anti-specials; score, 0-0. Specials *vs.* Antis, 0 to 0. Third Carroll eleven *vs.* Minims; 6 to 0, one half.

DEPARTMENT NOTES.

ART CLASS.—Frank O'Malley has finished a clever pen-and-ink drawing, entitled "The Present Hero." It shows a football player dressed in canvas with long hair, standing on a pedestal. Around him are grouped admiring dames and damsels, showering upon him languishing glances and the praise that melts even the hard hearts of football men. In the background and "over the fence" are seen a baseball player and a jockey. Their look is woe-begone, for nobody cares for them, now. O'Malley has also on exhibition some clever imitations of Charles Dana Gibson's work. A faithful pen-and-ink portrait of Father Sorin is the work of R. Fox. The same artist is engaged on a crayon study of a head. A Fera has sent for acceptance to the *Northwestern Horseman* a design for a heading. A jury of award will decide its merit.

ENGINEERING.—The Engineering class has run a proposed line of railroad two miles long, containing half a dozen curves. Mr. Hotchkiss, the local engineer of the Michigan Central Road, paid the class a visit in the field a short time ago. He reviewed their work, and was very profuse in his compliments on the accuracy displayed by the young engineers. The work, interrupted during the past two weeks by unfavorable weather, was taken up last Thursday by the levelling division. When this part is completed and the notes worked up, a profile of the line will be made, the cross sectioning done, and earth-work completed. Everything will then be ready for the workmen. Arce and Delaney are engaged on a topographical drawing of St. Joseph's Lake and vicinity.

ENGLISH.—During the week Dr. O'Malley lectured to the Criticism Class on tone color in English verse. On Wednesday he gave a very interesting lecture on the modern painters, showing the relation between painting and poetry.—During the past week Dr. O'Malley lectured to the Class of Literature on the

Allegory. "On a Football Field" was announced as the subject of the next essay.

SOCIETY NOTES.

LAW DEBATING.—The Law Debating Society met on Saturday evening, November 2, Colonel William Hoynes presiding. After the proceedings of the previous meeting and the critic's report had been read the regular programme for the evening was in order. On motion, the debate, which was to have taken place, was postponed until the next meeting, because of the illness of one of the participants. The evening was therefore given over to readings and recitations. The impromptu programme was opened by S. H. Frazer, who delivered "Antony's Farewell to Cleopatra" in an able manner. He was followed by Messrs. Hennebry, Gaukler and Murphy who read some humorous incidents of legal life. The work of the evening, although a digression from the regular routine of business, was, nevertheless, heartily enjoyed by all.

PHILODEMICS.—The Philodemics met last Wednesday evening and carried out an especially interesting programme. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was the author of the evening. A biography of his life was read by Mr. Paul Regan. That delightful story, "Marjorie Daw," cleverly read by Mr. Wm. P. Burns, pleased the members greatly. Mr. Elmer J. Murphy gave a criticism of his works. The pathetic poem, "Baby Bell," its pathos nicely brought out by Mr. Charles B. Bryan, was the next number on the programme. Mr. Daniel P. Murphy closed the exercises of the evening by reading "Miss Mehetabel's Son."

ST. CECILIANS.—A meeting of the St. Cecilians was held last Wednesday evening. The reports of several committees were tendered. A mandolin solo by A. Pendleton was enjoyed by all, and a violin selection by J. Naughton was also much appreciated. The other numbers of the programme were well rendered, and showed that there is in the society much talent that can be developed. After the regular programme had been finished, a synopsis of the play, to be given by the St. Cecilians, was made out, after which the meeting adjourned.

PHILOPATRIANS.—The Philopatrians met on last Wednesday evening to listen to a debate, "Resolved: That steam-boat travelling is more pleasant than travel by rail." Good speeches were made on both sides. Mr. Stearns' paper was especially clever. The judges gave their award in favor of the affirmative side. Mr. Krug recited "Trouble in the Amen Corner," with feeling and ability; he has elocutionary power in no small degree, and will make a good show in the annual contest. The President read Guy de Maupassant's "The Piece of String" and a humorous selection called "Spring House Cleaning."

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Chu ch Hist ry—Messrs. Costello, J. Barry, Bryan; *Advanced Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Arce, J. H. Browne, Kegler, R. O'Malley, Sanders, Cornell, Fennessey, Schoenbein; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. Slevin, Stace; *Logic*—Messrs. Costello, Wilson, L. Wurzer; *Lat*i—Messrs. Slevin, J. Barry, Ragan, M. Campbell, E. Murphy, DeLormier, Gallagher, Trahey; *Greek*—Messrs. Slevin, Ragan, Stace, J. Barry, Nieuwland, Reilly, Schumacher, Fennessey, Lowery, M. Oswald; *Astronomy*—Messrs. J. Murphy, Slevin; *Civil Engineering*—J. B. Murphy; *Mechanics of Engineering*—J. B. Murphy; *Descriptive Geometry*—J. Miller; *Chemistry*—Messrs. Ragan, Sheehan; *Anal. Chem.*—J. Rosenthal; *Calculus*—Messrs. Haydon, McKee; *Analytical Geometry*—Messrs. Arce, Steiner; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Delaney, Steiner; *Geometry*—Messrs. Davila, H. Wurzer, Wensinger; *Physics*—Messrs. E. Murphy, McDonald, Delaney, Reilly; *Algebra*—Messrs. Steiner, J. Flynn, Geoghegan; *Belles-Lettres*—Messrs. J. Eyanson, Stace; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. Reilly, F. Murphy, J. Barry, Haydon; *English Literature*—Messrs. F. Wurzer, L. Wurzer, Fennessey; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. E. Browne, Steiner; *Philosophy of History*—Messrs. Slevin, Shannon; *Political History*—Messrs. Stace, Marmon; *Mythology*—Messrs. E. Eyanson, Ney; *His ory*—Messrs. Bryan, Wilson, L. Wurzer; *Mineralogy*—W. Fagan; *Metalurgy*—R. Palmer; *Botany*—Messrs. Delaney, E. Kelley, Neville; *Physiology*—Messrs. E. Campbell, Sullivan, Trahey; *Advanced Botany*—J. Rosenthal; *Bacteriology*—F. Fagan; *Histology*—Messrs. B. Daly, Harrison; *Human Anatomy*—Messrs. Barton, Fagan.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Ancient History—Messrs. J. Browne, Foulks, Sammon; *Composition*—Messrs. Long, J. O'Malley, Hollander, McDonough Clendenin; *Latin*—Messrs. Hollander, Forbing, H. Wurzer, Britz, Merz, F. O'Malley, Sullivan, Wells, Herman; *Greek*—Messrs. Gallagher, Byrne, Hollander, McGinnis, W. Monohan; *Algebra*—Messrs. Dowd, F. Smoger, McIntyre, F. O'Malley, Hay; *Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. J. Berry, T. Naughton, E. Campbell, Thiele, R. Weitzel, L. Hake, Hierholzer, Landa; *Book-Keeping*—Messrs. Schoenbein, Costello, Smith, Wigg; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Oberly, Singler, J. Hagerty, Ball, J. O'Malley, Schoenbein, Dinnen, M. Oswald, Bartel, Tabor, Ten Broeck, Thiele, Curtis, Reinhard; *Grammar*—Messrs. Walsh, Fralich, Jones, McIntyre, McKinney, McNamara, Hennessy, Stemmle, E. Berry, Bump, Coquillard, Dinnen, Thiele, Mathewson; *Reading*—Messrs. J. O'Brien, Brennan, Ten Broeck, Pietrzykowski, McNamara, Noonan, Syzbowicz, McKinney, Beardslee, Hawkins, Cuneo, Coquillard, Loshbough; *Orthography*—Messrs. J. O'Malley, E. Hake, L. Hake, Haley, Tuhey, Smith, Thiele, Ten Broeck, McNamara, Noonan, McKinney, Hawkins, Beardslee, Smith, Coquillard, F. Loshbough, McElligott; *Geography*—Messrs. P. Kuntz, Schoenbein, Fuhrer, T. McNichols, Jones, Oberly, Jameson; *United States History*—Messrs. Smith, Schoenbein, Stare, F. McNichols, Bonnoes, Jones, T. O'Brien, Blackman, Powers, Singler; *Emmansh p*—Messrs. Moran, J. Barry, Goeke, Singler, Coquillard, Erhart, Garza, Summers, E. Hake, F. McNichols, Reinhard, Syzbowicz.

SPECIAL COURSES.

French—Messrs. DeLormier, Fennessey, Mingey, Fagan, Nieuwland, Marmon, Schumacher, E. Kelly; *German*—Messrs. F. Eyanson, H. Bennett, P. Kuntz, Barthel, Lantry, Boerner, E. Browne; *Telegraphy*—Messrs. Pietrzykowski, Wensinger; *Type-Writing*—A. Ball; *Drawing*—Messrs. Palmer, Fox, Fera, F. O'Malley, Wagner, Delaney, Arce, Atherton, Crilly; *Instrumental Music*—Messrs. Cornell, Long, Brincker, Ragan, Schultz, Wilson, F. McNichols, Leach, Dugas, Hawkins, H. Rasche, Farrell, Hays, Tong, Tuohy, Gaukler, Taylor, Loomis, Pendleton, Mattingly, Wagner, Wigg, J. Kuntz; *Vocal Music*—Messrs. Wilson, Fera, A. Kasper, Wheeler, McHugh, Myers, Foulks, Blanchard.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Barton, Barry, Brennan, Barrett, Bennett, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Cavanaugh, Fagan, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, Mott, McManus, McKee, McDonough, Pulskamp, Prichard, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Slevin, Steele,* Weaver, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Britz, Ball, J. H. Browne, Brinker, J. W. Browne, Brennan, Burke, Blackman, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Cypher, J. Corby, Clendenin, Carney, Cullen, Crane, Confer, Davila, Daly, Delaney, Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Eyanson, Fitzpatrick, Flannigan, Fox, Fitzgerald, Farrell, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Hay, Hesse, Hagerty, Hayes, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Hengen, Hesse, Henry, Kegler, Kelley, Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Konzen, Kirwin, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, H. A. Miller, Mathewson, Monahan, Maurus, Murray, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McHugh, McPhee, McKenzie, McCormack, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, O'Malley, O'Brien, W. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, T. Powell, Pietrzykowski, Putnam, R. Putnam, J. Piquette, Pulskamp, Quinn, J. Ryan, B. Ryan, J. Regan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Schemerhorn, Strauss, Steiner, Sanders, Spalding, S. Spalding, R. Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tong, Tuhey, Tuttle, Thiele, Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wilson, Ward, Wagner, Wade.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, J. Barry, Burns, Bump, Burke, Curry, Crowdus, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Erhart, Franey, Furher, Flynn, Fennessey, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hermann, Hawkins, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Jelonak, Jonquet, Keeffe, Kay, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Koehler, Landers, Lovett, Langley, Lichenwaller, Lowery, Land, Leonard, Loomis, Moorhead, Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monohan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, McNichols, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Brien, Plunkett, Page, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shiels, Smith, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Sheekey, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Syzbowicz, Schaack, Stare, Thams, Tescher, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Ward, Wells, Welker, Zehnle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Abrahams, Allyn, Bloom, C. Brissenden, Bullene, Bullen, Bergeron, Breslin, Bode, C. Bode, F. Campau, Cotter, Campbell, Catchpole, Cressey, Clarke, Coquillard, Caruthers, J. Caruthers, F. Davis, G. Davis, B. Davidson, Dugas, Ernest, Elliott, Ehrlich, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Fetter, Flynn, A. Flynn, M. Garrity, M. Garrity, L. Goff, Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, Hess, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Jonquet, Kelly, C. Kelly, L. Kasper, Kopf, Lawton, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, Marshall, Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Martin, Maher, O'Loughlin, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pyle, Plunkett, Polk, Paul, Phillips, Quertimont, G. Quinlan, Quertimont, E. Rasche, L. Rasche, D. Sontag, Spillard, Swan, Sexton, Van Sant, R. Van Sant, L. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, F. Welsh, Weidman, G. Weidman, F. Weidner, Waite, R. Brissenden.

